

# The Critic

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ALPHONSE DAUDET. (See Page 240.)

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### ALPHONSE DAUDET.

THE distinctive quality of Alphonse Daudet's genius is his passion for nature. Since notoriety came upon him unawares, he has devoted himself to the arts by which notoriety is preserved, describing the flash manners of the town, the flaunting vices of metropolitan life, and if each successive book of this period shows little advance upon its predecessors, it is because the novelist's heart is not in his work. He is sighing for the Provençal woods, for the mill where he sang the charms of rusticity, for the monastery of the White Fathers where he sipped the golden cordial and listened to Erasmian stories while the mistral rushed howling through the belfry. He has never been very happy when absent from the scenes in which his childhood was spent. He was born at Nismes forty-one years ago, and there, while his father was busy at a silk-manufactory, and his mother and aunt, strict churchwomen both, discussed at home the misfortunes that had befallen the Papacy, the boy would slip away to the river, playing truant from school, selling his books, for the sake of an afternoon on the water. Often, in those summer days, tying his boat to the chain of barges which were being towed down the stream, he would silently watch the beauties of the passing landscape, his meditation only broken by the noise of the screw or the barking of a dog on the steam-tug. Often, caught in the reeds, he would gaze for hours on the river, the bridges that gradually grew smaller and smaller, the green islets that trembled on the horizon. Then, coming home, he would every day seek a new excuse for his truancy. "Mother," said he, on one of these occasions, "I stayed from school because I had heard that—the Pope was dead." Thereupon dismay fell on the household. The father sat silent at the table, the mother wept, the aunt alone had courage to discuss the event, recalling the days when Pius VII. had passed in post-chaise through her village; and next morning, when the boy's news was found to be false, the joy was so great that nobody had the heart to scold him. The youth of Alphonse Daudet lay in scenes like these. They were more typical of his life than the stories which he wrote of 'Le Petit Chose,' and which were manifestly constructed for dramatic effect.

When he came to Paris to make his way in literature, he was very poor, and put up with such company as he could get. There were in those days many clever men in the Latin Quarter, and the young poet, wandering through the cafés, saw something of Rochefort and Gambetta. He also received an occasional invitation to the houses of actresses or of such literary notorieties as lived in the neighborhood of the Odéon. These experiences seem to have gained for him the reputation of an incorrigible Bohemian. No reputation could fit him less well. He was then, as he is now, the most sensitive of men. He delighted in solitary rambles, wherein he could study odd phases of life at his ease. While his comrades were singing in the brasserie, he would quietly make his way to the Seine, peep through the windows of the little riverside house, where a muslin dress hung dripping on a nail, and an old man sat roasting apples at a stove, viewing in his lap the objects which had been found with the muslin dress—a thimble filled with sand, a purse with a sou in it, a rusty pair of scissors—and turning for a moment aside to write in his official register, "Félicie Rameau, milliner, seventeen years old." Or he would cross the bridge and enter the workmen's quarter, watching the lights that gleamed in the low cabaret, the drunken orator who was bellowing at one of its tables, and the thin, pale, wife's face that was pressed against the glass, trying to

make a signal to the speaker and warn him that the night was spent and the children were starving at home. Or, again, he would pass before the old-fashioned houses of the Marais, now turned into stores and warehouses, and reclothe them with their antique glories of two centuries ago, when torches flashed and sedan-chairs swung in the streets, and in the drawing-rooms there was a rustle of silks and clank of swords, and minuets were danced to the music of four violins, with smirking and trippings and bowings innumerable.

The change in Daudet's life began with his introduction to the Duc de Morny. Many stories are told of that first interview, and most of them are apocryphal. The poet is reported to have said that, as the son of a Legitimist, he could hardly serve a Bonapartist. To which, according to one account, the duke replied: "Be whatever you will. The Empress is more Legitimist than you;" or, according to another, "Have whatever political views you please. All I ask of you is that you shall cut your hair." His new life was very novel, and not very palatable, to Daudet. He had no thought in those days of writing sensational novels. In the duke's antechamber he would see the late King of Hanover, the King of Naples, Don Carlos and Queen Isabella, and was not careful to study them for the purposes of fiction. He would hear of the scandals of royalty, the Prince of Orange's escapades, the intrigues of Russian grand dukes, and was not struck with the idea of using them to spice the history of King Christian II. of Illyria. If he went to the agencies of the Rue Castiglione or hunted for bric-à-brac at the Hôtel Drouot, or carried a diplomatic message to Worth the dressmaker, or watched the gamblers at the Mirlitons or the dancers at Mabilles, he was not in search of Mr. J. Tom Levis, Sephora Leemans, M. Spricht, the Prince d'Axel, or any of the personages whom he afterward introduced to fame in 'Les Rois en Exil.' These people and their doings he afterward recalled when he found that the public wanted to hear about them. He sickened of their company in the days when he knew them. He obtained a long furlough from the duke and fled from Paris. In a ruined mill of the country around Avignon, he wrote many of those short stories which should be his best title to the regard of posterity, and when the strong southern winds came to disturb his solitude he made his way to a little island, off the Corsican coast, and took up his abode in a lighthouse. The whole day he would spend in quiet contemplation on the rocks, the seagulls whirling over his head. At night he slept beneath the rays of the huge lantern. It was the happiest period of Daudet's life.

When the war of 1870 was drawing to a close, he was enrolled as a volunteer. None of his later work can rival the sketches which he then made. While Ducrot was fighting on the heights of Champigny, the battalions of the Marais were encamped at night in the Avenue Daumesnil and tried to kill time as best they could. "The Eighth are giving a concert," said some one to Daudet; "come and hear it." They entered a large booth, lighted with candles on the points of bayonets, and filled with men half asleep and half drunk. The singer, mounted on a platform, was shouting in a hoarse voice the popular song of the period:

"C'est la canaille?  
C'est la canaille!  
Eh, bien! J'en suis."

He was followed by other singers, all blasphemous, ribald, and obscene, and in the distance the cannon joined in the refrain. Daudet hastened from the tent, speechless with indignation, and did not stop till he reached the Seine. The night was dark. Paris was sleeping in a circle of fire. Dimly a gunboat could be seen trying to force its way up the river against the tide. Again and again the river swept it down; again and again it returned to the effort; and at

last, as it began to conquer the stream and made its way toward the scene of battle, a cheer burst from the crew. "Ah!" cried Daudet, "how far away is the concert of the Eighth." No historian of the war will be able to paint it so vividly as Daudet painted it. His pen has the qualities of De Neuville's brush. His story of the 'Siege of Berlin'—of the paralyzed veteran who thought the French would win, and of the imaginary campaign which his granddaughter planned for him—is only rivalled in pathos by his tale of 'La Dernière Classe'—of the schoolmaster who, being told that he must never more teach French in Alsace, could say nothing to the boys, but with a heart bursting with grief, wrote in large letters on the slate, "Vive la France," and then, leaning his head against the wall, signed with his hand, "C'est fini. Allez-vous-en."

Ten years have passed since then. To-day Alphonse Daudet is famous. Emile Zola slaps him noisily on the back, and claims him as a disciple of realism. Popularity may have its advantages for Daudet, but the familiarity of Zola is a heavy price to pay for it. P. M. POTTER.

### Literature

#### De Amicis's "Spain."

ALTHOUGH travellers give us from time to time some of the experiences they find in southwestern Europe, there is no country within easy reach which is less known than modern Spain. The tourist seldom approaches it nearer than Pau. If he can get a glimpse of the region of the Pyrenees from that delightful resort, he is content to diverge to the east, and to leave behind him one of the most interesting, as it is in some respects one of the grandest, spots upon the continent. Then, too, the books which have been given us have rarely touched beneath the surface of Spanish life. The wide field presented, nowhere so vividly as in Spain, by the ethnological character of the inhabitants, has never been adequately described, although casual papers of much value and showing the richness of the subject are certainly to be found. The racial differences between the Norman of the eleventh century and the Gaul, whose lands he occupied, were hardly greater than similar distinctions to be found at this day in the old Iberian peninsula. The modern division of the population into Basques, Spaniards, Moors, and Gitanos, is at the best misleading. The nation, made up as it is of the descendants of nearly a dozen tribes or nationalities, irrespective of modern changes, has never fused into a homogeneous whole. So little, indeed, has this occurred, that different customs and diverse dialects are as nothing compared with the jealousies and rivalries that prevail between adjoining provinces. This circumstance, one of the most marked and generally one of the least noticed, must be taken into consideration before we can fairly estimate any description of popular life in Spain. For, except that the political life is one, the people themselves are a congeries of as distinct nationalities as can anywhere be found in contiguity. Signor de Amicis, like his predecessors, for the most part, makes no mention of this. But it is interesting to observe how his descriptions are affected, and we may add vivified, by an influence which, if he noticed, he certainly disregards. For it may justly be claimed for this book that it contains one of the most vivid, and withal one of the most agreeable and faithful panoramas of Spanish life and scenery anywhere to be found. Nor are these qualities impaired by an occasional simplicity of style, or by the pleasant fashion which the author has of taking his reader into his confidence in personal affairs. The visit to Spain appears to have been his first departure from home, for he alludes to the French coast as the first strip of foreign land he had ever seen; and he realizes that sensation—one of two which travellers alone can feel—when for the first time the eye realizes the existence of a great historic place which has heretofore been but a conception of the mind. At Barcelona he was at once struck with the difference between Catalan and Castilian, and although he is right in his statement that he was then in one of the least Spanish of Spanish towns, the people would be little likely to agree with him. In his sketch of their character, their

tendencies, their pride as Catalans, their contempt for the romance of Andalusia and the trivialities of Madrid, their preference for isolation from the other provinces, we have presented to us in a most interesting manner the racial features we have referred to. And the same will be discovered throughout the whole journey, even into the lawless regions of Valencia, though the author nowhere defines the true cause. Perhaps his mind is not prone to philosophy. But neither is it given to sentiment, though occasionally a poetic fancy sparkles through the narrative and lends it a new zest; as where he depicts the Catalan beauties in the great Liceo of Barcelona, tremulous and glistening in tier upon tier of boxes, like garlands of camellias bejewelled with dew, and gently stirred by a breeze.

We have met with unimpressible people, made so perhaps by ignorance, or (what is much the same thing) by blinding prejudice, who fail to realize the inspiration of the sublimest works of art. De Amicis is not one of these. He tells us that no words can describe the effects produced by the grandeur of such edifices as the Cathedral of Burgos, the convent of the Escorial, or the Mosque of Cordova. Neither have we ever had the good fortune to see anywhere an adequate description of such effects; yet in the simplest of language he succeeds very fairly in conveying an impression of the beauty and magnificence of those unequalled edifices, an impression which is more accurate than has been produced by far more pretentious efforts. Probably, however, his best description is that of the bull fights which he witnessed in Madrid. This is quite incapable of abbreviation, even if space permitted an extract. The reader will be pardoned, though, for some curiosity as to the judgment of an able and impartial Italian upon the merits of this kind of amusement. He sets it above cock-fighting, the next national source of recreation, as being less brutal and less demoralizing, and he admits that he ought to answer the question whether or no the bull fight is a barbarous thing and one unworthy of a civilized people. But he cannot. He confesses that there was a fascination which, in spite of himself, took him to the bull fight every Sunday; and as to the question of the morality of the spectacle, he claims the privilege of remaining silent. This need not surprise us, for although Signor de Amicis is a careful observer and endowed with a well-balanced organization, he is one only of many such who have been carried away by the extraordinary fascination of the bull ring in the Spanish capital. He is indeed no ordinary traveller—one in whom religious prejudice seems to have no place; and yet an observer in whom the most extreme sensitiveness to some influences yields always to a judgment of the most constant serenity. The masterpieces of Murillo in Seville affected him to startling emotions, solely through their marvellous artistic powers, and with no religious fervor to aid them. Need there be any wonder, then, at the effects of such works where the mind is wrought up beforehand to the height of superstitious belief? The Spanish Cortes did not escape a critical scrutiny; and one cannot read the comparison made with the Italian Parliament without a smile, arising from the thought that, as seen through the light of their representatives, different nations are very closely akin. But Spanish pride, we are told, is not offensive. Spaniards do not attempt to magnify themselves by depreciating other nations. They believe rather that they show their own superiority by respecting the claims of others. And it seems to us that our Italian author has been an apt pupil in the same line of principle; for rarely do we meet with a more generous writer. He tells us that the first feeling that inspires him in a foreign country is sympathy—a desire not to find anything to censure, but to pardon what seem to be defects. If there were more of this spirit abroad among us, the literature of travel would be oftener enriched by such books as this, where the truth is never sacrificed or exaggerated for effect, and where there is such excellent evidence of honest judgment and acute observation set forth amid picturesque effects. The publishers have done justice to the book, and have given it some excellent illustrations. The translation is however, often defective, and in a new edition should be carefully revised.

#### A Hawaiian Romance.\*

At last the myths and legends of the Hawaiian Isles have got an expounder. Dr. C. M. Newell comes forward, and the gods and goddesses of Polynesia take their due place in legendary story.

\* Spain. By Edmundo De Amicis. Translated from the Italian by Wilhelmina W. Cady. Cloth, \$2. (From advance sheets). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

\* Kilani of Oahu. An Historical Romance of Hawaii. By C. M. Newell, author of Pehe Nu-e, the Tiger Whale, etc. Boston: Published by the author.



"Aided by a well-digested system of their mythology, we may follow as easily down the circuitous stair of their dim, uncertain past, as the burrowing geologist delves into the nether world, and evolves his system from the dislocated ribs and broken spinalia of mother earth." The author of 'Kilani of Oahu' has made it all possible. He has disentangled deity from the "previous multi-form inchoate inceptions" of the idolaters. He has made "a yet still further advance." He has laid open, both in verse and stately prose, the "quality of viability in Moa-alie—the terrible sea-god," the "frequently reputed interviews" of "the terrible Ignipotent of Mauna Loa" with priests and kings, and the "supposed something sometimes seen dancing on the crest of fiery eruptions;" and he has done it in face of the risk of being "accused of an anamorphosis in materializing some of the invisible gods." But let us hurry to the feast. "Pele" is the "fearful Ignipotent," who "comprised in herself all that was grand and adorable in her sex in placid moments," though she could be at times "coquettish and cruel and unrelenting." Unique and lofty was her dwelling place. For "in dread times of war her throne was Mauna Loa. There she presided over the heavens and the earth, dictating the music of the spheres and the motions of the stellar world." There, too, she could "dance joyously in the fountain-jets of red lava that leaped up from the awful abyss, or swim playfully in the fiery surf of the volcanic sea;" yet sometimes she could "dabble, with womanly instincts, in the destinies of heroic men." When she was very mad, "the summer moon hid its face in darkness, and the stars grew tremulous with fear.

The orange leaves withered, and their yellow globes jangled like alarm bells. . . . The waters of the sacred fountain whereon she sat hissed and boiled, and jet forth in fiery tongues like envenomed snakes." She could set the lava "rolling in roaring rivers down the mountain side, to do battle against its greatest antipathy—the sea." Indeed, it is difficult to say what she couldn't do, when she was very mad. But when she was in love with Kilani-kupule, her earthly hero, she could make herself visible as "a grand and graceful creature in woman's form," dance "exultingly on the crest of the fiery ebullition," or "flit daintily across from one black border of the lurid scene to the other;" or she could come down on him, in his sleep, "with her dainty lips, crimson as the red ohea," and "salute his sensuous mouth with her hallowed kisses," and, after an hour's conversation, depart with "a smile of unearthly sweetness and a lingering tender glance from fond eyes of irid hue," and sit on three volcanoes at once. Again, when the young hero was in "a pose of expectation," she could suddenly lay on his shoulders "light hand-touches—soft, ghostly, invisible hands—followed by the loving pressure of his cold lips upon her own red lips of fire," and then "swell and sway . . . like the respiratory oscillations of a living being," perhaps answering "the keen interlocation of his soul," perhaps not—or standing in a fountain where "her ungarnished form did not obstruct the upward flow," the "lambent glances of her sweet, sad eyes, floated about over the grove like falling stars."

In short, to see what she could do, both in her love and her fury—whether alone or acting in conjunction with the god Kaon-ohiokola—we must begin with the ship Elenora, which is caught in a storm while running to make the Upolu passage, between Hawaii and Maui. A part of the time the vessel, "hung poised on the tops of careering seas," or "was seen climbing the steep hillside on the rear aspect of the passing wave. . . . Every soul of her terror-stricken crew had lashed themselves about the fife-rail of the mizzen mast," or elsewhere. Two of them, with "bare and brawny arms, and swollen biceps, tough as springy steel," were holding on to the helm, and "spun the wheel star-board and port with a terrible energy." One of these two was "Keone Ana, the noble sailor, yet destined to become the noblest chief in all the land." It was a dreadful night. They could hear "the fierce crescendo of the storm, shrieking among the wet ropes and twanging shrouds like the utmost voices of a thousand winged demons, enhungered for their prey," and the "wails of a hoarse bassoon among the great shrouds and tarry stays." It was so dark that "no mortal eye could pierce the gloom above the catharpins, or forward of the bowsprit." "Harrowing fear added to the heaped-up horrors of the storm. . . . The ship rocked and rolled and reared as with sentient madness, quivering from truck to keel in abject fear, as if shaken in the monstrous grasp of a hades giant." It would seem as if nothing could extricate a ship so imperilled; but the divine Pele was up to the job.

She was on the top of Mauna Loa, flitting and dancing all the while. "Suddenly there was a dim and ghostly illumination discovered through the inky blackness" of the night—"faint and portentous as some midnight paraselene when presaging a storm." By and by there was a "ponderous glare" seen "flickering and beating against the Egyptian darkness," growing at length to "a gigantic pillar of fire, leaping six hundred yards up through the unearthly gloom of the midnight sky." There was also the "frequent shiver of a perpendicular earthquake vibrating upward" through the ship, and "an incandescence reaching the faces of the seamen as they stood aghast, awaiting the consummation of their doom." The scoffing mariners stood "awed and horrified, involuntarily muttering unseemly oaths, or murmuring long-forgotten prayers, each according to the texture of his soul." There was a woman behind it all, as there often is, and so "the Death Angel flapped his slow, deliberate wings" in vain. It happened that Kilani-kupule, the youthful favorite of Pele, was out in the storm. He had injudiciously ventured, in a "double canoe," with only "sixty nude warriors," to storm the "black crags of Waikiki, the fairest stronghold of the giant Kamehameha," and Pele was bound to see him through. It was a piece of good luck for the Elenora that Kilani-kupule came across her bows just when he did. He saved her, and then as he passed on, "the red light of the volcano gleamed upon the waving paddle of the manly chief." The giant Kamehameha (he was over six feet high—nearly seven) was asleep in his tent. He was a man of might, a terror to everybody.

"There are who never come too near  
This giant-king, but come with fear;  
Who think him born of Pele's kin,  
And tremble when his presence in.  
But one now comes from Molokai,  
Who swears to conquer him or die."

This, of course, was the gallant Kilani-kupule. He succeeds in doing it—that is, he half kills Kamehameha, and runs off with his daughter Pelelulu, whose "intelligence and beauty were the pride and wonder of the Hawaiian world." She was asleep when taken, but "sleep being but a pleasant condition of anæsthesia to a healthy woman," she was quickly carried off along with her step-mother, who was a "queenly lump of adiposis." Pele, the goddess, was looking on approvingly. Although she loved the great King Kamehameha, she loved her boy hero more, and had long destined Pelelulu for his earthly bride. So, "softly as a cat's paw on a summer sea," the war-party, having surprised the camp and bagged their booty, "glide away along the romantic shore of Coco Isle." By daylight they were forty miles on their homeward journey. Meanwhile Pelelulu, sitting in the canoe, watching the warriors, had performed her morning toilet. As she was wrapped around by nothing but the "trailing vestment of midnight tresses," she had only to "free these with her rosy fingers" and the thing was done. As the fashion in that day was simple, her style of garment did not "abash her looks," for she had "that primitive innocence" which is "a far more impenetrable vesture for a pretty damsel than self-conscious virtue." So, "smoothing her jetty locks from off her girlish brow," she disposed them otherwise, and thus having completed her toilet by "trailing her one only garment like a banner of night about her," she "suffered her proud eyes to dwell imperiously upon her kingly captor, unquailing and undismayed." They talked, and "his voice softened to the cooing of the fragrant winds . . . his dark eyes grew tender as he listened to her proud, sweet tones." Thus "discoursing with bright eyes and tender tones," they fell in love, as might be expected, and exchanged—not rings, but names. That is, he divided his name evenly with her, and she became Kupule, while he remained simply Kilani—an excellent arrangement. Thus they were betrothed. To vary the entertainment, after awhile Kupule took the steering paddle, and it "warmed the hearts even of the wounded warriors, to see the ravishing young blood leap into the pearly cheeks of the maiden, as every muscle and sinew of her girlish figure was brought into extremest play. Her eyes sparkled with roguery, and her bosom heaved like a young billow with exultation, while the trailing masses of jetty hair forgot their office of vestment, and streamed like a black banner in the wind alee."

They got home and buried their dead, and were married; but that is only the beginning of the story. There was Pele still to be satisfied; and Pele was really very much dissatisfied with the whole expedition, and had, in her young hero's absence, got up an

invasion, or allowed one to grow, and it was a long time before Kilani could get her assistance in repelling it. Pele was implacable, even though the Hero King got himself up in his best attire, put on his "proud helmet . . . gaily plumed with the crimson tail-feathers of the tropic bird," and went up into the "holy of holies"—the sacred chamber, that is, in the temple of the divine Pele—and there waited to receive his beloved goddess in state." Still she would not vouchsafe her presence. It was not until he actually posed for her, "like a gladiator on guard to receive his foe," with his two-handed sword "cutting and thrusting at an imaginary foe," and, wearied of that, at length "sunk down upon his divan of soft tahala mats and pulu pillows," and was "overcome with profoundest slumbers," that the divine one appeared in "quick succeeding earthquakes," rolling with terrific noises down from the high mountains to the wave-lashed shore." But we cannot follow this delightful story further. If the reader will take up Dr. Newell's volume, and read on from the 90th page, where we have left off, to the 415th, he will no longer be left, as most of us are, "where the pre-historic past of a people of Polynesia becomes a period of darkness to the physicist, unrayed by sufficient glimmer of light by which to judge of the remote conditions of their religious or social history, not to mention the ever-disputed point of their anthropophagy."

#### "The Yorktown Campaign."\*

OF all the anniversaries of the Revolutionary period, none has been and none will be celebrated with so much pomp and circumstance as the surrender of the British army under Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. It was virtually the end of the war—the final achievement of the independence of the colonies. There was some fighting at a later date, but it was the fighting only of detachments, of no importance except to those who were killed and to their friends, which in war counts for nothing. The sheathed sword which General Lincoln received from General O'Hara—Cornwallis sulking in his tent meanwhile—on the 19th of October, 1781, was not to be drawn again; the drooping ensigns then festooned about the staffs were not to be again unfurled. Two armies confronted each other whose aggregate numbers were less than 24,000 men. Fifty millions of people, whose heritage is all that was won on that field, reflect now how great the event was whose proportions were so small a hundred years ago. It is hardly in human nature, especially in American human nature, in thus looking back at the lapse of a century, not to indulge in hyperbole. If that day was not the natal day of the young giant, it was at least the day on which he strangled his serpents. Thenceforth he was to grow as no giant ever grew before. But even without extravagance it is both pleasant and decorous to make the most of such a memory. Next to dying for one's country is to be proud of it.

Among our fifty millions there are some persons doubtless—we fear there are a great many—who know little else of Yorktown than that it was a famous victory. But if in the interest and excitement of the moment, they would like to know something more of it, this monograph upon the Yorktown campaign will seem to them to be just what they want. It is an attractive book in appearance, illustrated with well-engraved portraits of the men most distinguished at that memorable period, with maps sufficient for tracing military movements, with an appendix of official documents, and with an excellent index. The author has evidently made a careful, patient, and exhaustive study of his subject. Nothing that has been written upon it has escaped him. He has swept together all the details, even to the minutest and most trivial—swept, it is not improper to say, rather than gathered, as to gather implies some exercise of judgment in choosing, while the proper function of the sweeper is to leave nothing behind him, not stopping to see whether it be dust or diamonds that goes to his heap. The reader of the volume, if familiar with the subject, will find that the sweeping here has been conscientious and thorough; the reader who has not that familiarity, will soon convince himself, after, possibly, a little laborious reading, that here he has the whole story. It is not impossible that then he will lay the book away, as he so often does his daily newspaper when containing a valuable scientific or historical article, to be read at a leisure hour which never comes. There, he is sure, is the knowledge under his hand whenever he wants it, which is a

great satisfaction. Should he happen to be of Revolutionary ancestry, he may also be sure that his revered grandfather or great-grandfather, if he was present at Yorktown in any rank above that of a private, will be found somewhere in the 24 pages of the roster, or in the list of killed and wounded, if not with which wing of the army he was on any given day. To give as many names as possible is what publishers would call one of the "features" of the book. Altogether it is most skillfully constructed; it contains something more than two hundred pages; it will attract a certain class of readers, or rather of book-owners, who want to be entirely confident that they can be "up" on the Yorktown campaign whenever they have a mind to, at an hour or two's notice; it is a well-prepared campaign document, so to speak, for a centennial celebration.

Perhaps it may be questioned how far campaign documents with "features" should be accepted as historical literature. There are spectacles made to see with and spectacles made to sell, and it is well that the buyer with defective vision should keep the distinction in mind. Accepting it for what it is—a pretty book on a hackneyed subject, treated in the old way, with the well-worn facts made large enough and attractive enough in outward seeming for the bookseller's counter—there is, for the most part, no great harm in the present work; as a contribution to history to take a place in the library, if it be asked that it be so accepted, it might provoke dissent, and even, were it worth while, a controversy. It sweeps together, as we have said, a multitude of details and facts, the trivial as well as the essential. But some of the most essential facts are either not understood, or not seen, or not sifted. How Cornwallis came to be in Virginia we are told; the real reason of his going there we are not told. That he thought it necessary to conquer that province, and what he thought was to be gained by that conquest, are made clear enough; but what it was that produced those convictions in his mind does not seem to have occurred to the author. He remembers and refers to the campaigns in the Carolinas the year before; he fails to observe their relation to subsequent events, and that Cornwallis hoped by success in Virginia to atone for the failure, which he accepted as irremediable by any further effort in the more southern provinces. Cornwallis took upon himself, in spite of what he must have known were the purposes and opinions of the commander-in-chief, the responsibility of a complete change in the conduct of the war. He explained his plans to Germaine, the Secretary of the Colonies, and, trusting to his support, he took the first step to carry out those plans before he made them known to Sir Henry Clinton. The most embittered feeling existed, from that moment, between the two generals, and from that moment all hearty co-operation between them was at an end. Clinton was firm enough not to relinquish his own plans and submit to virtual dictation from his subordinate officer, and Cornwallis did not venture to openly disobey the orders of his commanding general, but he so obeyed them, or evaded them, as to defeat their object. So far from apprehending how important these facts are to any intelligent comprehension of the events of the summer of 1781 in Virginia, Mr. Johnston conveys the impression—indirectly always, and by direct assertion more than once—that there was no disagreement between Clinton and Cornwallis. As he sees in the occupation of Yorktown only "an incident of the campaign," he does not notice the dilatory and uncertain steps with which Cornwallis moved to that occupation. Nor is it possible for him to understand the fatal delay that followed in putting that place in a state of defence, for he does not believe that Cornwallis ever supposed that he would be besieged there. Yet he can hardly suppose that Cornwallis supposed Washington would leave him unmolested to the enjoyment of any summer watering-place he might choose on Chesapeake Bay. Mr. Johnston should remember that mere diligence and faithfulness in collating details, though they may account for a hasty and slipshod style, do not excuse a neglect of the more important historical facts without which the details become a congeries of incongruous incidents. Only one who so attempts to write history would think of calling Washington's march from the Hudson to Virginia an "episode of the Revolution."

#### "Amenities of Home."\*

A CHARMING book, and one which may very judiciously be left on the family table. If it has faults, they come mainly from the

\* The Yorktown Campaign, and the Surrender of Cornwallis, 1781. By Henry P. Johnston. Illustrated. (From advance sheets.) New York: Harper & Bros.

\* Amenities of Home. By M. E. W. S. Cloth, 60 cts. New York: D. Appleton & Co.



difficulty one has in being both man and woman at once—in being able equally well to get at the inner wants of each sex in turn. What the true home should be, what contribution to it little courtesies and little forbearances may make, the author seems to understand thoroughly. What the mother *should* do, what the father *may* do, what graces should be cultivated, and what should be left to grow up, how much music, cheerfulness, consideration, sympathy are the prime factors of home life—all this is well told, and many excellent suggestions made as to prevailing faults in American social habits. The difficulties in the way of making the home one of peace and tender mutual attentions, are summed up in the opening chapter. It is hard, Mrs. Sherwood shows us, to teach an American child reverence. The whole tendency of our free institutions is against it. The influx of foreign help has changed the relation between master and servant. The conflict between nurse and parent, between kitchen and parlor, absorbs the mother if she is strong, and endangers her authority if she has any vulnerable point. Children live in public, not in the home circle alone. They *go out* to school, and that means everything. "The boy is taught routine, but not reverence." Rank and station have no meaning to him. He has good instincts, tells the truth, is energetic and industrious, but lacks manners. The French boy reverences his mother from youth to manhood, and further, and never wearies in little attentions to her; but the American boy, while he will work for his mother, and be shocked to think he has in any way neglected her, yet gives her few "small attentions, such as sending her flowers, helping her to her carriage, greeting her in the morning, taking her to the theatre or for a drive." In his manner of speaking to her he is often harsh and impolite. He goes to her for money, but is indifferent as to the way in which he asks for it; is "full of reproaches if she does not give it." And his manner is the natural result of his surroundings. The servants and tradespeople are disrespectful. He has seen men polite to his mother, if she is young and pretty, but there is no reverence in the air. The author tries to show what the mothers must do, and, under the circumstances, may do, to maintain their position and recover their rights. They must themselves "remember to be grateful and polite, in little matters of salutation and compliment." They must be careful to "consume their own smoke, and to bring only an amiable face to the dinner table." Courtesy between husband and wife, formal courtesies between children and parents, should be enforced. "It is not now, as it was in the days of our fathers and mothers, the fashion to be formally respectful. The son does not rise when his father enters the room, or stop speaking because his father is speaking." Certainly it would be better if the old-fashioned manners were in some respects revived. But, in any event, the mother must begin. She must insist, in the first place, on respectful and obedient servants. She must never let her little son see her lose her temper. "She should be as calm and as immovable and as imperturbable" in the presence of her servants "as Mont Blanc." Alas, what a task is set her! She must subtract time from her other absorbing duties to give to the children, even to the youngest, at the table, and there watch, among other things, their "accent and pronunciation;" and to this end "she should talk much to them." She should be "at home when her children return from school" to receive and soothe them; for the school is a sad place, according to our author. "If we called it racks, thumb-screws, the boot, the pulley, and the torture, as they did similar institutions in the Middle Ages, we should be more true to the facts. The modern teacher extorts confessions of how much is eight times eight, or what are the boundaries of Pennsylvania, or the declension of a Latin noun, in the midst of heat, bad air, and general oppression and suffering such as few chambers of torture ever equalled. The boy comes home with burning brow, perhaps with a headache, tired, angry and depressed, to know that all is to be repeated on the morrow. If his mother is at home, he rushes to her room. Let her have patience and sympathy, for it is his crucial hour. Let her bathe his head and hands; give him a good lunch, at which she presides herself; hear all his grievances, and smooth them over; and then send him out to play for an hour or two in the open air." Alas! we have seen many boys, perhaps too many, who do not rush home so eagerly. It is hard to say it, but they actually prefer the "hour or two of play in the open air" first. But the mother's tenderness cannot be out of place, as long as she sees the demand for it. If the boy "must study in the evening, both father and mother should tackle the

hard Latin and Greek, the arithmetic and the geography, with the boy, and, if possible, smooth the thorny road which leads else to despair." The writer seems to us to overvalue the pleasanter additaments to school life of which these days are in wild pursuit, and to undervalue the sterner methods of study and discipline which certainly produced both the elegance and the moral worth of early American home life, of which there is in this volume a due appreciation. Boys will be thankful, though perhaps not rightly so, to find that these same home amenities let up on them, while their sisters are brought severely within the eye of the law. The nature of girls, in other words, seems to be more thoroughly understood by the writer than that of boys, and sterner retribution is visited on the sins of the flighty girl than on those of the selfish and profligate youth. Moreover, the eye of tenderness is more fully open on the harassed and troubled father than on the weary and home-keeping mother. This is, to be sure, the way of the world; but one cannot help wishing that, in a work so needful as this and so well prepared in most respects, the growing boy were shown more definitely not alone the "French courtesy" due to his mother and sisters, but the plain, clean, honest habits which lie at the base of all the amenities. Women make the home possible, but men make it tolerable. The bad wife can turn home into a wilderness, but the selfish, over-worshipped husband is too often the generator of the bad wife.

#### Beaconsfield's Wit and Wisdom.\*

To the present generation the novels of Lord Beaconsfield are apt to be tiresome. So few people in these days are aspiring to be prime ministers, or to be regarded as oracles in society, that the aim of his works fails to be understood. They are deficient in plot; they are content to limn character rather by smart description than by the action of the story; and their gaudiness of hue has lost all its old attractions. Lord Beaconsfield's place was far higher in life than in literature, and as he was one of the few men of the time who have been able to 'raise themselves head and shoulders above the crowd; his writings will long be eagerly scanned to learn what manner of man he was, and what were the arts by which he rose. For this purpose, it may be presumed, the following compilation has been made. It is, and could not fail to be, deeply interesting. It does much to supplant the speeches and romances from which it is culled. It will not satisfy every taste, for some like this side of the author's character, and some like that; but it is as good a book of its kind as is likely to be made, and will find a permanent place on the shelves of many libraries. The impression it can hardly fail to leave on the reader is that the writer of all these apothegms was no more than an uncommonly clever man. Of genius it has hardly a sign. There will be found in it a significant passage in which the author describes his first reading of Voltaire. "I stood before the hundred volumes. I drew out 'Zadig.' Never shall I forget the effect this work produced on me. What I had been long seeking, offered itself. This strange mixture of brilliant fantasy and poignant truth, this unrivalled blending of ideal creation and worldly wisdom, all seemed to speak to my two natures. I devoured them all, volume after volume. As I read, I roared, I laughed, I shouted with wonder and admiration." A key may here be found to Lord Beaconsfield's literary career. He was trying all his life to rival Voltaire. To what extent he succeeded this volume bears witness. Compare its highest eloquence, its brightest epigrams, with the wit of 'Candide.' They are as the sparkle of fireworks to the flash of the lightning.

In Parliament Lord Beaconsfield's smart sayings were proverbially effective; here, in book form, their aim is less direct. A phrase that made its way through the English press was this: "The government of the world is carried on by sovereigns and statesmen, and not by anonymous paragraph writers and by the hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity." And this concerning Mr. Gladstone: "A sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable series of arguments to malign an opponent and glorify himself." And, again, this: "The conference lasted six weeks. It lasted as long as a carnival, and, like a carnival, it was an affair of masks and mystification." Surely a nation must be somewhat poorly equipped with epigrammatists that extols such sentences as these

\* Wit and Wisdom of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. Collected from his Writings and Speeches. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

and has them printed in schoolboys' copy-books as fine examples of parliamentary oratory.

The quips of the novels are not above, if they reach, the level of Mr. Boucicault's dialogue in his earlier plays. Here are some of them: "The sweet simplicity of the three per cents." "She sets up to be natural and is only rude; mistakes insolence for innocence; and thinks she is gay when she is only giddy." "You think, as property has its duties as well as its rights, rank has its bores as well as its pleasures." "The services in war time are fit only for desperadoes, but in peace are fit only for fools." "Southey was the most philosophical of bigots, and the most poetical of prose-writers." "Then there was a maiden speech, so inaudible that it was doubted whether, after all, the young orator really did lose his virginity." "Others, who never went to balls, looked forward with refined satisfaction to a night of unbroken tobacco." "Travel teaches toleration." "Women are the priestesses of predestination." These are as favorable specimens of the wittier passages as can be found. Their author thus alludes to the principles on which most of them are evolved: "Alliteration tickles the ear, and is a very popular form of language among savages. It is, I believe, the characteristic of rude and barbarous poetry, but it is not an argument in legislation."

Then there are the descriptions. The compiler devotes no little space to the more florid bits of writing, in which Lord Beaconsfield sets down his impressions of natural beauties. They are graceful enough, and are wrought by a practised hand. "A Grecian sunset! The sky is like the neck of a dove; the rocks and waters are bathed with a violet light. And the thin white moon is above all; the thin white moon, followed by a single star, like a lady by a page." And this, of Greece itself: "A country of promontories, and gulfs, and islands clustering in an azure sea; a country of wooded vales and purple mountains. And there are quarries of white marble, and vines, and much wild honey. And wherever you move is some fair and elegant memorial of a poetic past; a lone pillar on the green and silent plain, once echoing with the triumphant shouts of sacred games, the tomb of a hero, or the fane of a god." This style was hailed with applause when the early novels were published. Since then Mr. Ruskin's books have obtained general popularity, and inferior descriptions of nature are barely tolerated.

And yet, being thus composed, the work has its durable value. It throws many side-lights on Lord Beaconsfield's personality and on his policy, both of which are so entwined with the contemporary history of England that even those who dislike them most can in no wise afford to ignore them.

#### The English Jacobins.\*

THE men who helped to keep alive the spirit of constitutional liberty in England through the trying times of George III. are well worthy the attention of the descendants of the Puritans. They were men of courage and energy. Most of them were undoubtedly honest. Though largely recruited from the lower ranks of English society—day-laborers, mechanics, tradespeople, the strata lying beneath those who possessed electoral privileges—they brought good average English intelligence to their task of reforming politics. Of those who formed the body and soul of the Constitutional Society and of the London Corresponding Society the guiding spirit was essentially the Puritan spirit. It was the spirit of Hancock and Samuel Adams. It could write and argue; it could formulate principles in admirable resolutions and advocate them in eloquent speeches. It possessed the tongue of Erskine, the pen of Thomas Paine, the persistent force of John Horne Tooke and Thomas Hardy. It drew in men of ability and men of heart from the higher ranks of society. Its organization permeated London, corresponded with many societies abroad, disseminated information widely among the working classes of England and Scotland, communicated even with the leaders of the French Revolution, and, alas! continued to do so one or two years after such communication should have ceased. When the mob was in possession of Paris, when the bottom was at the top and anarchy reigned supreme, down to the very edge of the Reign of Terror, and a step beyond, they carried their sympathy, in most energetic and eager language, to the National Assembly. It is therefore hardly surprising that, from that day, they lost their chief usefulness, fell under suspicion of the better classes, and

\* The Story of the English Jacobins. By Edward Smith, F.S.S. Paper, 25 cts. New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

became an eyesore to the great English minister. The Society for Constitutional Information sprang up in 1780, and was variously alive for the next fifteen years. The London Corresponding Society grew out of it, in one sense, in the beginning of the year 1792, and perished shortly after the trial of Tooke, Hardy, and Thelwall, in 1794. Its records and correspondence and much kindred matter relating to the action of similar bodies, appear to have been preserved in scrap-books by Francis Place, "the most assiduous scissors-and-paste man ever known." Out of his note-books and scrap-books, for the most part, the present volume comes. The author has an evident leaning to the Jacobins, and presents their side to us very clearly and fully. We see their good qualities, their fair purposes. The book is a defense of them and must be so read. The facts of the French Revolution form a terrible running commentary on the course of the reformers, and the far-sighted Lord Chatham, with the loom of the revolution on his horizon, with the interests of the British throne on his hands, will have much to say in his own defense. The present volume will, however, go far to justify in the minds of American readers the main purposes, and even the main methods, of the English Jacobins.

#### "A Sketch of Ancient Philosophy."\*\*

WE have in America long felt the need of such a summary of ancient philosophy as should neither be too full for the ordinary reader, nor so concise as to be mere husks—a work which should at once give us an intelligible idea of the steps by which philosophical reasoning rose from the crude guesses of Thales and Anaximander to the wonderfully complex system of Aristotle, and, at the same time, show the intimate connection which really subsists between those ancient germs of thought and the modern speculation. The philosophy of to-day has honeycombed the systems of the Stoics and Epicureans, and the honey is ours. Even Christian theology is indebted to those shrewd hard thinkers for very many of its most exquisite conceptions. Prof. Mayor, of King's College, Cambridge, England, has undertaken, therefore, a desirable work in this sketch of ancient philosophy. It is but a sketch, and yet it gives us compactly the historical data in the lives of the men, and the leading principles, in their order of development, of Greek and Roman philosophical thought. We are led judiciously from the Ionic school of Asia Minor to the Eleatic of Magna Grecia; thence through the Sophists to Socrates; from Socrates through the glorious development of philosophy in Plato and Aristotle, down to its later decay in the schools of Athens, and its final translation by the fostering hand of Cicero to the soil of Rome. The list of thinkers includes Thales, Heraclitus, Pythagoras, Zeno, Diogenes of Apollonia, Protagoras, Gorgias, Zenophon, Theophrastus, etc., and the schools embrace the Cynics, the Cyrenaics, the Peripatetics, Sceptics, the old and new academies, the Stoics, and Epicureans. The Epicureans and Stoics have full justice done to them, and the work accomplished by Cicero is amply enlarged upon. Prof. Mayor's method is admirable. His account of Plato and Aristotle, in particular, gives us a very full and clear exposition of their teachings, of their relation to each other, and their limitations, their influence also on modern thought. By the aid of this work one may read Cicero with new interest and advantage, or enter on the study of modern philosophy with some knowledge of one's whereabouts. The volume is a handbook, not only of dates and names, but of ideas.

#### "Second German Book."†

IN a series of twelve lessons, Prof. Worman gives us, wholly in German—notes and grammatical explanations also in German—such instruction as seems suited to beginners in the language. With a good teacher, ready to turn himself into a dictionary, this method may be fairly useful. The lessons are well arranged, systematically graded, the subjects for each chosen with a view to interesting the little pupils. The interest is eked out by abundant illustrations. Difficult points of grammar are explained in notes. If one comes to the book with such facility in German as a patient grounding in the author's First Book should give, there need be little trouble in mastering the contents.

\* A Sketch of Ancient Philosophy, from Thales to Cicero. By Joseph B. Mayor, M.A. Cloth, 90 cts. Cambridge (England): University Press.

† Second German Book, after the Natural or Pestalozzian Method, for Schools and Home Instruction. By James H. Worman, A.M. Cloth, 50 cts. New York and Chicago: A. S. Barnes & Co.



## The Critic

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### THE MODERN GERMAN NOVEL.

IT is a notable fact that Germany has never produced a novelist of the first magnitude. Even Goethe, who was a brilliant observer and a keen psychologist, left no novel behind him which for completeness of portrayal and perfection of form is fairly comparable with the masterpieces of English fiction. Schiller, who had, however, no serious ambition in this direction, began three novels, but finished none; and Heine, whose genius was too purely lyrical, has likewise proclaimed his failure as a novelist by his inability to finish the interesting fragment, 'The Rabbi of Bacharach.' Of the great herd of romancers who wrote during the first half of the present century, there are only two who have any title to remembrance—viz., Gatzkow and Jeremias Gotthelfs—and even these have, with all their wealth of observation, but little to commend them to the favor of modern readers. Their interest is to-day chiefly historical and sociological. Whether the same fate is with-in many years awaiting the three novelists who are at present occupying the attention of the German public is a question which it would be hazardous to decide, although in the case of one of them (Auerbach) there are unmistakable signs that he is, to put it mildly, lapsing into history. The generation which once delighted in the Black Forest Village Tales is getting weary of his philosophizing peasants; and a certain cheaply didactic tone and the monotony of ever-recurring types and situations make it difficult even for the author's stanchest admirers to keep from yawning over his later village performances. That much-admired novel 'On the Heights' which represents Auerbach at his best, sufficed to keep his name before the public long after he had passed his climax and finished what he had to say. Now he is annually repeating himself, apparently from a purely philosophic motive, in order to test the possible patience of a long-suffering public. If any one wishes experimentally to convince himself to what depths of stupidity a really talented novelist can descend, let him read 'Waldfried,' which as a case of misapplied energy is almost monumental. In the novels which have appeared since there are still fertility of invention, strength of characterization, and much admirable writing, but somehow these undeniable excellences strike us less vividly than they did formerly. The conviction forces itself upon us that Auerbach is, if not obsolete, at least obsolescent; he is at present engaged

in trying to survive himself; he does not know that while he has stood still the century has run away from him.

A novelist far less known in America, but of stronger vitality, is Gustav Freytag, who embodies the best characteristics of his race more completely than any of his literary compatriots. His two famous novels, 'Debit and Credit,' and 'The Lost Manuscript,' are among the most serious and profoundly philosophical works of fiction which the present century has produced. Although apparently not written for entertainment, they are nevertheless in the best sense entertaining; for the philosophy which they embody is not conveyed through arguments or didactic observations, but is perceptible only to the thoughtful reader who discerns the underlying motive in the intrigue, and the apparently arbitrary concatenation of events. Agreeably to his fundamental theory, that the novel should deal primarily not with a people's amusements but with its labor, Freytag undertakes to depict what he conceives to be the typical labor of the German nation—viz., commerce and scientific research. In 'Debit and Credit' he depicts the grand struggle between the feudal traditions which still dominate the German state and the new industrial spirit of the age; and in 'The Lost Manuscript' a most admirable and absorbing intrigue is evolved from the search of the learned Professor Werner for the lost books of Tacitus. The great historical series ('Our Ancestors') which Freytag is now publishing aims at nothing less than an absolutely accurate and still vivid reproduction of every important epoch in German history, from the earliest period down to the present day. It is to be the history of one family traced from generation to generation through fifteen centuries.

Younger than either of the above-mentioned authors, though second to neither of them in power and popularity, is Friedrich Spielhagen, whose novels have, with one or two unimportant exceptions, all appeared in English translations. They are, in fact, so well known that it is needless to characterize them. They deal in vigorous fashion with the problems of the age, and they are animated by an ardent love of democracy and an intense hatred of the military despotism upon which Bismarck and the Hohenzollern dynasty found their power. The iconoclastic zeal and vehemence which breathe through Spielhagen's writings can hardly be fully appreciated by any one who has not with his own eyes observed the absurd antediluvianism which yet prevails in the administrative machinery and in social life throughout the German Fatherland. Spielhagen has earned the gratitude of future generations by his fearless and effective criticism of the two classes of society which are interested in perpetuating the existing abuses—viz., the nobility and the clergy. He is, however, too restless and energetic to repose upon his laurels.

### SPIRIT THAT FORM'D THIS SCENE.

Written in Platte Cañon, Colorado.

SPIRIT that form'd this scene,  
These tumbled rock-piles grim and red,  
These reckless heaven-ambitious peaks,  
These gorges, turbulent-clear streams, this naked freshness,  
These formless wild arrays, for reasons of their own!  
I know thee, savage spirit—we have communed together,  
Mine too such wild arrays, for reasons of their own;  
Was't charged against my chants they had forgotten art?  
To fuse within themselves its rules precise and delicatessen?  
The lyrist's measured beat, the wrought-out temple's  
grace—column and polished arch forgot?  
—But thou that revelest here—spirit that form'd this  
scene,

They have remember'd thee,

WALT WHITMAN.



## Minor Notices.

THE author of 'School Girls' \* has apparently given in the form of a simple story her ideal of what a girls' school should be. Unhappily the theories have been withheld until at present they are hardly such as meet with popular favor. It would probably be difficult to find a school now, for instance, where it would be considered advisable for the older, or better, pupils to be made "monitors" over the rest, with full powers, even in recreation, to put a stop to any games that seemed to them personally "unladylike" or "noisy." Equally difficult would it be to find, or found, a school where the punishment for every misdemeanor should be a public apology, even in the case of a subordinate teacher who should so far forget herself as to laugh with her own pupils; nor is it customary now, when any article is lost at such a school, to send the pupils into the garden while their private desks are searched. A large part of the teaching is supposed to be indirectly imparted by lofty conversation, somewhat in the style of the 'Harry and Lucy' books; while pupils are encouraged in high standards of their own by such commendation from the teacher as, "The sentiment you have quoted, Margaret, is indeed a grand one." While recognizing that the subject has received most conscientious and prayerful consideration from the author, we confess to a preference ourselves, even in a girls' school, for a little of that spirit of comradeship between teacher and pupil which made one of the boys at Rugby declare, "It's no fun to tell Arnold a lie: he always believes us!"

IT is hard to decipher the exact purpose of the author of 'Post Mortem'; † whether to write a mere fanciful sketch in the style of a century ago, to represent himself as a sort of moral Jules Verne in the Undiscovered Country, or to advance an almost unconscious plea in favor of modern ideas of the future by showing how much more desirable annihilation would be than such an existence as he has depicted, even though it should prove, as he represents, merely a purgatory of a few centuries, opening at last into a really agreeable heaven. The book certainly has not been written with any such amiable purpose as inspired Miss Phelps to try and persuade us that there would be gingerbread in heaven for the children; and since the author does not care to be charming, we look for ingenious suggestion. He represents the state into which we are to enter immediately after dying as one of "sleep accompanied by dreams;" but his illustrations lead rather to the idea of sleep accompanied by nightmare. We suspect from the close a theory that people not fitted for heaven, even by a lengthened experience of a somewhat terrible purgatory, will be compelled to return to the earth which they have idolized, until they are both willing and prepared to enter into the joys of paradise. We understand that this volume is the work of a young gentleman recently connected with a cavalry regiment in India—the son of a late English Canon and a lady of strong literary proclivities.

THE author of 'The First Violin' and 'The Wellfields' is sure of an audience, and the audience have certainly great reason to feel sure of their author. Her latest book consists of two stories, of which the first, 'One of Three,' ‡ is decidedly the best. The plot is the not unusual one of a lovely heiress disguised as the governess of a sickly and exacting boy; but the story is treated with originality, and possesses at least one very unusual feature in the fact that the hero is not the best man of the book, and is actually allowed to appear with "*les défauts de ses qualités*." Moreover, the marriage is neither the ideally blissful one of old-fashioned romances, nor the utterly miserable one of more modern fiction; the hero is simply the man whom the heroine loves. The second story, as might be inferred from the somewhat sensational title of 'Made or Marred,' is inferior to the first; the plot being the very hackneyed one of a man's life marred by a foolish girl and made by her younger sister.

No more popular juvenile book has been issued in many a long day than 'Toby Tyler; or, Ten Weeks with a Circus.' § The story is one which while it absorbs the whole attention of the young reader will hardly tempt him to run away from home to join a traveling show.

\* School-Girls; or Life at Montagu Hall. By Annie Carey. \$1.25. New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

† Post Mortem. One Shilling. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

‡ One of Three. By Jessie Fothergill. \$1. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

§ Toby Tyler; or, Ten Weeks with a Circus. By James Otis. New York: Harper & Brothers.

'CAPE COD FOLKS' \* announces itself as "a novel." It may, perhaps, commend itself to readers who enjoy "smart" sayings and Yankee dialect, but those in search of "a novel" will find metal more attractive elsewhere. The hero appears only in the first and the last chapters. The intervening space being occupied by disagreeable and unnatural episodes in the love experience of a particularly vain and uninteresting heroine. It is said that Miss McLean has got herself into hot water by describing real persons under names but partially disguised, and that the residents of Cedarville threaten a suit at law. The names objected to are to be changed, says the Milwaukee *Republican*, and an apologetic card printed in a new edition.

PEOPLE who have thought the Revised Version of the New Testament an outrage will doubtless consider the 'American Revised Version' † many degrees worse than an impertinence, and will look forward with increased horror to the time when versions shall be multiplied, and the sacred unity of the English Bible shall be a thing of the past. But the New Testament is fortunately not a mere petrinized collection of words, and since most candid and qualified persons agree that the American Committee was more consistent in applying its principles, and more true to the demands of critical scholarship than the Anglican, the publishers, in inviting Dr. Hitchcock to prepare this new edition, have not only paid a just tribute to cis-atlantic learning, but have contributed greatly to the spread of truth. And now if a still better version is possible, let it by all means be made.

MR. DENNIS' psychological study ‡ deserves to be read now as much as when it was first issued, some years ago. In a very small compass it draws the clear distinction between Conscience as the Moral Law, the Law of Duty, and Conscience as the Witness—a consciousness that our own purposes and actions are or are not in accordance with this law. "The office of one is directive; it gives the command, it points out the way; that of the other is monitory and judicial; it first warns and then commands or condemns." The one is an intellectual judgment, needing instruction; the other is an instinctive feeling, needing to be quickened. The distinction seems simple, and is in itself by no means new; but a consistent observance of it is rare enough, whether in works on ethics or in our ordinary moral thinking and speaking. The brevity and clearness of this little book fit it to do a good service where it is much needed.

## An Important Historical Work.

FOR several years past Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have been planning an important historical work, and although the secret has been known of necessity to nearly two hundred persons, it has been well kept from the public. The work will bear the general title of 'Campaigns of the Civil War.' It will embrace twelve volumes, each devoted to an important period of the contest. The peculiarity of the series is that each book has been or will be written by one of the principal actors in the scenes which it describes. The authors have been chosen, we are assured, for their impartiality as well as for their special knowledge of the subject. Two volumes will appear in October. The first, entitled 'The Outbreak of Rebellion,' has been prepared by Mr. John G. Nicolay, formerly private secretary of President Lincoln, who is at present engaged with Col. John Hay in writing Lincoln's life. The second volume, 'From Fort Henry to Corinth,' is the work of Judge M. F. Force, who commanded the 20th Ohio Volunteers at Shiloh. The third is devoted to the Peninsular campaign, and has been prepared by Alexander Webb, President of the College of the City of New York, who commanded the Second Division, Second Army Corps. 'The Army Under Pope' is in the hands of Mr. John C. Ropes, of the Military Society of Massachusetts, a frequent writer on military subjects. Francis Winthrop Palfrey discusses 'Antietam and Fredericksburg,' and General Doubleday writes of 'Gettysburg.' General H. M. Cist, who served on the staff of Generals Rosecrans and Thomas, and who is Corresponding Secretary of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, has been assigned 'The Army of the Cumberland.' Ex-Governor Jacob D. Cox, of Ohio, treats 'The Campaign of Atlanta,' and 'The March to the Sea.' General A. A. Humphreys, late Chief of Engineers, has 'The Campaigns of Grant in

\* Cape Cod Folks. \$1.50. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

† The Revised Version of the New Testament, with the readings and renderings preferred by the American Committee of Revisers embodied in the text. By Roswell D. Hitchcock, D.D. \$1, \$1.75, \$2.25. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

‡ The Two Consciences. By William Dennis. Boston: George H. Ellis.

Virginia' to describe. The selection of authors seems, on the whole, a wise one, and if the series is completed in the spirit in which it was designed, it should take rank as a standard work. Each volume will form a duodecimo of about two hundred and fifty pages, illustrated by maps and plans prepared under the direction of the author.

#### In Memory of Joseph Severn.

THOSE who have read Lord Houghton's 'Life of Keats' and Shelley's preface to the 'Adonais' will not wonder that the late Joseph Severn's devotion to the poet is to be commemorated by a monument in the Protestant burial ground at Rome. Severn was not only the "friend of Keats"; he was a painter of some reputation, and an efficient representative of the British consular service. Through the intercession of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville, permission has been obtained to remove his remains from the obscure spot where they have rested for the past two years to a grave immediately adjoining the poet's. The new stone will be fashioned in imitation of that which marks the latter grave, and immediately in rear of these slabs it is proposed to erect a memorial tablet on which the two names shall be appropriately linked. The expenses of this work are to be defrayed by the admirers of Keats and the friends of Mr. Severn. The sons and daughters of the latter have promised to contribute £100, and the subscription list already bears the names of James Russell Lowell, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Lord Houghton, Mary Cowden Clarke, J. E. Millais, R.A., and William M. Rossetti. Further contributions should be addressed to Mr. Walter Severn, 9 Earl's Court Square, London, Eng., or to Mr. R. W. Gilder, care of *Scribner's Monthly*, 743 Broadway, New York. Each subscriber is to receive a carbon-printed photographic copy of the last portrait of Keats, by Severn.

#### Obituary Notes.

CAPTAIN POPELIN, the young Belgian officer who commanded the second exploring party sent out by the International African Association, of which the King of Belgium is president, died recently at Lake Tanganyika, where, after disheartening difficulties, he had succeeded in establishing a station. He has left a record of his work.

Pietro Cossa, the eminent dramatic author, has been buried, with considerable pomp, at Rome. His first attempt at tragic writing was in the drama of 'Marius and the Cimbri,' and his chief works, after 'Nerone,' which he termed a comedy, are the tragical-historical plays, 'Messalina,' 'Cleopatra' and 'I Borgia,'—masterpieces which plainly demonstrated Cossa's superiority over the contemporary playwrights of Italy.

The venerable Dr. Archibald Billing, F.R.S., author of the 'First Principles of Medicine,' and of other popular text-books, and a frequent contributor to the leading medical journals of Great Britain, is dead, in his ninetieth year. He was a native of Ireland, and a graduate of Dublin University. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society, one of the original members of the Microscopical Society, a Fellow of the Geological Society, a corresponding member of the medical societies of Dresden, Florence, Brussels, and New York, and (since 1818), a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, London.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

A NEW edition of Prosper Merimée's 'Colomba' is nearly ready in Paris.

Mr. H. H. Boyesen's 'Queen Titania' will be published in book form in October.

The Book Trade Sale is a little later than usual this year, not beginning till the 22d inst.

Mr. Austin Dobson will write an article on Angelica Kauffmann for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

*Um Die Welt*, a new illustrated weekly in the German language, is announced by Keppler & Schwarzmann.

Canon Carus's 'Memorials of Bishop McIlvaine' will be published by Mr. Thos. Whittaker on October 1.

Tourguéneff, the Russian novelist, has written some children's stories which will appear at Christmas time.

The journals and letters of the late Caroline Fox, a member of the well-known Cornish Quaker family, will soon appear.

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. McCall & Stavely, the September number of the *American Naturalist*.

The Rev. C. A. Row's 'Reasons for Believing in Christianity, addressed to Busy People,' is announced by T. Whittaker.

'My First Holiday, or Letters Home: Sketches of a trip to Colorado and California,' by Caroline H. Dall, will be ready in October.

The next number of *Macmillan's Magazine* will contain an article on Dean Stanley's early career, by his cousin, Mr. Augustus J. E. Hare.

An edition of Mrs. Mark Pattison's 'The Renaissance in France,' in two volumes, at half the original price, is announced by Dodd, Mead & Co.

An early volume in 'The International Scientific Series' will be 'The Sun,' by Professor C. A. Young, Professor of Astronomy at Princeton College.

A smooth cover, printed from the wood block, in colors, will be the notable feature of Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co.'s 'Midsummer Songs and Christmas Carols.'

A translation of 'One of Cleopatra's Nights' and other tales, by Gautier, has been made for Mr. R. Worthington, by Mr. Hearn, a New Orleans journalist.

The daintiness of the cover, and the good taste already indicated in the management of *Youth and Pleasure*, promise well for the future of the new Boston juvenile.

Ten steel portraits will adorn the holiday edition of Field's 'Yesterdays with Authors.' An exhaustive biography of Mr. Fields, by his widow, is announced.

Two more volumes will complete the Rev. Henry N. Hudson's 'Harvard' Shakspeare, of which the seventeenth and eighteenth volumes are announced.

The last shot fired at Hunter's Point is by Will Carleton, who has written a ballad on 'That Swamp of Death,' to be published in the next number of *Harper's Weekly*.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s forthcoming 'Children's Book' will contain selections from the 'Arabian Nights,' from Swift's 'Lilliput,' and from the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen.

The *Athenæum* is authority for the statement that the papers of the late Dean of Westminster were left in charge of three literary executors—Canon Pearson, Mr. Theodore Walrond, and Mr. George Grove.

Grants 'Church Seasons, Historically and Poetically Illustrated,' a new edition of which Mr. Whittaker will shortly publish, has long been out of print. The new issue will contain eight engravings after celebrated painters.

A fortnightly review, edited by S. Ruggero Bonghi, and entitled *La Cultura*, is soon to appear in Rome. It will be devoted to "moral science, literature and art," and will pay special attention to matters affecting public instruction.

Readers of 'Castle Blair,' the story which was so heartily endorsed by John Ruskin, will be glad to know that Miss Shaw, the author, has written another, called 'Hector,' which is nearly ready for publication by Roberts Brothers.

'Home Ballads,' the holiday book of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., will be made up from five poems by the late Bayard Taylor. The illustrations, by Hovenden, Gibson, Taylor, and others, will be engraved by Closson, Linton and Andrew.

'Bachelor Bluff: His Opinions, Sentiments, and Disputations,' by O. B. Bunce, is announced for early publication by D. Appleton & Co. The book is largely made up of Mr. Bunce's readable bits of talk in the editorial department of *Appleton's Journal*.

Dr. James J. O'Dea has written a pamphlet on 'Suicide,' with studies on its philosophy, causes, and prevention, which the Messrs. Putnam will publish in their 'Science and Education' series. This firm also announce 'John Barlow's Ward,' a novel by a new author.

'Sparks from a Geologist's Hammer,' by Alexander Winchell, LL.D., author of 'Pre-Adamites,' is the title of an illustrated volume announced for early issue by S. C. Griggs & Co. It is a collection of more or less connected papers on scientific and semi-scientific themes.

Miss Fletcher, the author of 'Kismet,' has lately been engaged in translating from the Italian some of the sonnets of Gaspara Stampa, the Venetian Sappho, which, with a sketch of Stampa's life, by Eugene Benson, will be published in a neat little volume this autumn by Roberts Brothers.

*Lippincott's Magazine* for October will have an interesting article by Louise Coffin Jones, entitled 'My Journey with a King'—the king being David Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands, whom she accompanied, with his family and retinue, on a steamboat trip from Hawaii to Honolulu.

The Messrs. Appleton deny the report that Davis's 'Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government' has not sold well in the South. Twenty thousand sets were distributed in the Southern States within twelve weeks following the day of publication, and large subscriptions are in hand for delivery in the fall.



The closing chapters of George Macdonald's 'Warlock o' Glenwarlock' are published in the September *Wide Awake*. The publishers of this popular magazine for children announce an increase in the number of pages, to begin with the October number, and to be signalized by a proportionate increase in the subscription price.

'Lyrics of Home-Land,' a new collection of poems by Eugene Hall, many of them written in the New England dialect, will appear next month. The poems will be fully illustrated, and will form a companion volume to Benj. F. Taylor's 'Songs of Yesterday,' of which the same publishers (S. C. Griggs & Co.) will soon issue a new edition.

As a motto for his capital little book, 'Habitual Mouth-Breathing,' (*Critic*, Vol. I., No. 17, p. 231), Dr. Wagner prints the line, "Shut your mouth . . . and stretch the nostrils wide," which he attributes to Shakspeare. By referring to 'Henry V.,' iii., 1, he will see that he has slightly misquoted the poet's words, which are—not "Shut your mouth," but—"Set the teeth, and stretch the nostril [not nostrils] wide."

*Fiction*, the new story paper published by Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann, is handsome in its typographical appearance and convenient in size, but the two numbers already printed are not up to the standard of literary excellence we had anticipated. The short stories may improve. We trust the editors will succeed before long in better realizing their own ideal. It would add to the interest of the stories, we think, if they were signed.

Mr. Joel Cook, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, whose 'Holiday Tour in Europe' was one of the most successful of recent books of travel, has a new work in press at J. B. Lippincott & Co.'s, entitled 'Brief Summer Rambles,' a collection of letters contributed to the *Ledger* on a recent tour through the principal summer resorts of this country. The same house will soon issue in book form Miss M. H. Catherwood's 'Craque o' Doom,' the serial story whose recent completion in their magazine afforded much relief to its subscribers.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will issue before long a bulky volume entitled, 'Florida for Tourists, Invalids, and Settlers: containing Practical Information regarding Climate, Soil, and Productions; Cities, Towns, and People; Scenery and Resorts; the Culture of the Orange and other Tropical Fruits; Farming and Gardening; Sports; Routes of Travel, etc., etc.' The author, Mr. George M. Barbour, has visited every part of Florida, and publishes his work under the special sanction of the State Commissioners of Immigration.

'The English Citizen' series, announced by the Messrs. Macmillan, will include 'Central Government,' by H. D. Traill, of the *St. James's Gazette*; 'Local Government,' by M. D. Chalmers; 'The National Income, Expenditure and Debt,' by A. J. Wilson, financial editor of the *Pall Mall*; 'The State in Relation to Trade,' by T. H. Farrar, of the Board of Trade; 'The State in Relation to Labor,' by Prof. Stanley Jevons; 'The State and the Land,' by Mr. Frederick Pollock, author of a scholarly work on Spinoza and his philosophy; 'The State and the Church,' by the Hon. A. D. Elliot; and 'The Electorate and the Legislature,' and 'Foreign Relations,' by Spencer Walpole.

There will be more books of a "holiday" nature published this year than have appeared in several years past. James R. Osgood & Co.'s edition of *Luxes* of Lucille will be one of these. The Messrs. Harper have 'The Heart of the White Mountains,' illustrated by W. H. Gibson. The Messrs. Scribner are preparing a volume to consist of Thackeray's ballad 'The Chronicle of the Drum,' illustrated by Frost, Lungren, and other popular draughtsmen, and Dodd, Mead & Co. are at work upon a holiday book that will, besides its artistic merit, have the distinction of being the novelty of the season. This will be an edition of Tennyson's 'Lady of Shalott,' illustrated with drawings in color by Howard Pyle.

About a year ago Jas. R. Osgood & Co. began business as publishers without a "list," and now they have one of the most interesting that have reached our table. Their holiday book is mentioned elsewhere. Among other works which they announce are 'The Ballads of W. M. Thackeray,' 'Edwin Forrest,' by Lawrence Barrett; 'The Glad Year Round,' by Miss A. G. Plympton, illustrated; 'Poets and Etchers,' containing twenty full-page etchings by Smillie, Bellows, Colman, Farrar, and R. S. Gifford; 'Aunt Serena,' by Miss Blanche Howard, author of 'One Summer'; Mr. J. R. G. Hassard's 'Pickwickian Pilgrimage,' and Mr. E. H. House's 'Japanese Episodes.' A book sure to attract readers will be Mrs. Z. B. Gustafson's 'Life of Genevieve Ward.' If Mrs. Gustafson's book contains all the incidents and adventures in the life of this well-known actress it will indeed be a story stranger than fiction.

Porter & Coates are falling in line with other houses in the production of illustrated editions of favorite poems in small quarto form at the regulation price of \$1.50. They will soon bring out in this way Poe's 'Bells,' with twenty-two engravings by Lauderbach, from drawings by F. O. C. Darley, A. Fredericks, Granville Perkins and others; and Burns' 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' illustrated by Chapman. They have also in press a new edition of their 'Fireside En-

cyclopædia of Poetry,' which will contain much needed additions in the shape of selections from the younger band of poets whose reputations have not yet extended to Philadelphia; and two new juveniles, 'George at the Wheel,' by Harry Castlemon, and 'Under the Dog Star,' by Margaret Vandegrift.

Mr. J. W. Bouton has just returned from Europe with a large number of fine old books and a long list of new ones. Among those that he will offer for holiday sale are P. G. Hamerton's 'The Graphic Arts,' John Owens's 'Evenings with the Sceptics,' 'The Luxembourg Gallery,' with English text; a new edition of Bryan's 'Dictionary of Painters, Engravers, Sculptors, and Architects'; a library edition of Landseer, in parts, uniform with Reynolds and Gainsborough (in conjunction with Henry Graves & Co., of London), and 'Modern Artists,' by F. G. Dumas, the first part of which will contain illustrated biographies of Sir F. Leighton, Millais, and Hubert Herkomer. Twenty-five extra copies will be taken on paper from the imperial factories of Japan at £63. Mr. Bouton has also become agent for *The Bibliographer*, a new "magazine of book lore."

Mr. George W. Cable, the New Orleans novelist, has been introduced to English readers by Messrs. Warne & Co., in a volume containing 'Madame Delphine' and several shorter Creole stories. A very appreciative anonymous review in the *Saturday Review* is said to be by Mr. Edmund W. Gosse. The *Spectator* says that in Mr. Cable "we have gained a novelist with new powers, and of brilliant promise." Of the dialect the reviewer remarks: "It is new and must be learned; but it is simple and easy to learn. It is merely an alteration of French corrupted by English, and English directly translated from French; a soft and languid speech, invented by the easy Creole for his needs." We find a favorable review in the London *Daily News* also. Evidently England is "waking up" to Mr. Cable. 'The Grandissimes' has not been reprinted there. We believe the publishers were frightened by the dialect. Perhaps they will take courage now that 'Madame Delphine' seems to be successful.

## The Fine Arts

### Stained Glass.

THE history of the 'Battle Window, Class of 1860,' for Harvard Memorial Hall, now on private view at Mr. La Farge's rooms in Union Square, if it could be written, would be the history of stained glass in America. It was the first serious attempt in this country to make a real stained-glass window; and as the portion first done has been completely remade, and the other light only lately added, the window as it now stands shows the extent to which we have progressed in the art. Alterations are yet contemplated, and it is likely that this will be a monumental window in more senses than one, not only as recalling the patriotism of the class which it commemorates, but as being itself the highest achievement of what will always be a well-marked period in the development of modern glass staining. The window has two large lights, the greater part of both being taken up with a design of a Greek hero leading on his men to the attack of a city, the gates of which are symbolized by a richly adorned pilaster at each end of the composition. The left hand light contains the figure of the leader only, who is brandishing a sword and waving a banner, the rich folds of which are carried across both lights and help to unify the composition. The other light contains a number of figures advancing confusedly with spears, shields, and trumpets. The lower part of each division is filled with a trophy of arms and some architectural ornaments to suit the general scheme of decoration of the hall for which the window is intended. The work is mainly in mosaic—that is, the colors are, for the most part, those of the glass itself; but enamel paint has been used with varying degrees of skill and effect in different parts. The glass is extremely rich in color, and made more so by being doubled or "pleated" in several places. The whole is very strong and vivid. A wonderfully real effect of sunshine bursting through dark clouds above the head of the principal figure is obtained by the use of "opal" glass, a comparatively new material, for which Mr. La Farge has taken out a patent. It is intended that Mr. La Farge shall make at least one more of the Harvard windows. It would be better than he should make all, if money enough can be raised, for it is by this time well understood that no foreign glass can compare with that which is now being made here. If it is necessary that the work shall be divided there seems to be no reason why Messrs. L. C. Tiffany & Co., who are Americans and whose work is also far superior to contemporary European work, should not have precedence of foreigners. The architects of the Memorial Hall (Messrs. Ware and Van Brunt) have already intrusted to Mr. Tiffany the windows for the church which they have just built at Lynn, Mass., and they certainly have no reason to repent of their choice. The main portion of the great rose window was shipped to Lynn from Mr. Tiffany's establishment last week. It is a circular representation of the Annunciation, from a design by St. Gaudens, the work being superin-

tended by Mr. Maitland Armstrong. It is remarkable as being probably the most careful and successful attempt yet made to dispense with the use of enamel paint in large figure subjects in glass. The faces, hands, hair, drapery, as well as parts of the background, are modelled in colored glass and modified by "pleating" and biting with acid. This last process is hardly to be recommended. The texture it produces is unpleasant, and it has the same defect as the enamel of rendering the surface too apparent, and so robbing the window of depth and transparency, while it is not nearly so useful in defining form. Mr. La Farge purposes to hold a public exhibition in October, when in addition to the Harvard window there will be a number of other specimens of stained glass, carvings, mosaics, bronzes, etc., to be seen. It will be eagerly looked forward to by every one who is interested in American art.

#### "Head-Dresses Exhibited on Ancient Coins."

THIS pamphlet is a reprint from the July number of the *American Journal of Numismatics*, and is issued for private circulation, only two hundred copies having been printed. The author did not "intend to do more than barely touch upon the most striking and most important variations of garb, as," he says, "I have not the facilities for making a complete study of the subject." Certainly the last part of this phrase is exactly what may be said by any one writing in this country concerning ancient numismatics. The want of extensive collections, public or private, that the student could consult, and the great deficiency of our libraries in books relating to ancient coins, make it quite impossible to produce a work of any completeness on this subject. Many of the public libraries of this country undoubtedly possess books on ancient coins, but generally these books are old ones, written before numismatic science had established itself upon a sound basis. Therefore many of the specimens quoted in illustration are either forgeries or misread coins. It is evident, therefore, that in the absence of the modern works that correct the errors of the ancient ones, the consulting of such books is more dangerous than a total absence of records would be. We could quote examples in support of these facts and indicate the utter want of accuracy of the so-called numismatic "guides" that have been published in this country. As to the intention of the writer of this pamphlet to barely touch upon the most striking and most important variations of garb, it must be said that he has barely succeeded, for he has passed over many of the most important features of ancient head-dress to be found on coins, while in the nomenclature he adopts, errors of names of persons and of dates are frequent. Certainly the most conspicuous head-dress on antique coins, and one entirely omitted in the pamphlet, is that which adorns the portrait of Alexander the Great on his silver coins—i.e., the skin of the Nemean lion that always accompanies the portrait of the conqueror. This ornamental head-dress is designed to recall the pretended origin of Alexander from that branch of the Temenides which issued from the race of Hercules. It was afterward assumed by pretentious Roman emperors, such as Commodus and Postumus, and several Kings of Bactria and Egypt wore, in imitation of Alexander, the hide of an elephant in order to affirm their Asiatic or African sovereignty. The most important head-wear, such as the radiated crowns of the kings of Syria and Egypt and the various forms of helmets of the sovereigns of Bactria and Syria, are also unhappily forgotten in this pamphlet. We do not see why the pope's triple crown should have been adopted from the wearing, by certain monarchs, of several diadems, as the author suggests; for the Armenian tiara on the coins of Tigranes, the conical tiara on those of Abgarus of Edessa, the notched Persian tiara and spherical Parthian one, and those afterward depicted on Byzantine coins, are so many examples from which the pope's head-wear might have been borrowed, without speaking of the double cap and helmet of the rulers of upper and lower Egypt. In the Roman series we remark also many errors and omissions. For instance, a coin of Augustus is quoted as showing the rostral crown, while it bears only the rostral column. The crown is to be found on the head of Marcus Agrippa, the friend of Augustus and his associate in the great Actian victory. The radiated crown does not appear at the time of Gordianus III., as the writer says, but begins with Caracalla. In short, want of data for producing a work of this nature is hardly more to blame than the apparent carelessness of the author.

#### Art Notes.

'MAULEGNA AND FRANCA,' by Julia Cartwright, will follow 'Albrecht Durer, in the Artist Biography series.

'Parisian Art and Artists,' by Henry Bacon, will be published by Jas. R. Osgood & Co., in November.

As compared with the summer season of 1880, there has been a slight falling off in the purchase of foreign paintings for America this year.

\* 'Head-Dresses Exhibited on Ancient Coins.' By Henry Phillips, Jr. Philadelphia: Privately printed.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art will be closed for about a fortnight from the 14th of October, to admit of the arrangement of the winter loan collection. Director di Cesnola is expected to return from Europe in time to superintend the work.

We learn from the *Herald* that New York pictures for the autumn exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts will be collected by Renner & Co., from October 10th to 13th. Collection, packing and freight will be paid for by the Academy. Drawings for the catalogue must not exceed eleven inches in length, and should not be sent in after October 8th.

#### The Drama

THE race for the production of 'Michael Strogoff' is not very creditable to American managers. Jules Verne's book has long lain at the mercy of adapters. Its situations were there, its characters were there, its scenic opportunities were there. A version had already been seen in New York, and still no manager thought of turning the play into a grand melodramatic spectacle till it had succeeded in that form at the Châtelet Theatre in Paris.

Then the fight began which is waged over nearly all successful plays. The speculators who had theatres at their disposal began to claim exclusive rights in the piece. In London, there were the Messrs. Gatti, manufacturers of ice-cream, who engaged Mr. Byron to translate it for the Adelphi. In New York, there was Mr. John Stetson, who owned a police gazette and a theatre in Boston, and Mr. Samuel Colville, an importer of "leg pieces," and Messrs. Kiralfy, the ballet-masters, and Mr. Jacob Aberle, manager of a variety theatre and father of Miss Lena Aberle; and all these gentlemen, flanked by many others in the rural districts, said that they, and they alone, had obtained, by theft or purchase, the sole privilege of producing 'Michael Strogoff.'

Consequently the town is flooded with 'Michael Strogoffs.' Of the various versions that which is playing at Booth's Theatre is the best. Its chief rival is at the Academy of Music. At Booth's the novel has the advantage of being dramatized by M. Adolphe Denery, one of the authors of 'The Two Orphans'; at the Academy it has the disadvantage of being dramatized by a Mr. A. R. Cazauban. At Booth's the spectator is carried by easy and natural transitions from Moscow to Irkutsk; at the Academy he is instantly blindfolded, and hustled to his journey's end, knowing neither where he is, how he got there, nor for what conceivable purpose he came.

At the same time even the practised skill of M. Denery is unable to give the play a sufficient motive. Jules Verne, though the son and grandson of dramatists, lacks many essential dramatic qualities. He is either unable or does not care to make a strong foundation for his books. The voyage round the world, the flight to the moon, the journey under the sea, the balloon trip across Africa, had all a groundwork of probability, but it was not such probability as the stage can take into account. His favorite starting-point is a wager, and many excellent plays have also begun at that point. 'Mlle. de Belle Isle' is probably the best of them. But the play of Alexandre Dumas hides the insignificance of its nature by hastening the catastrophes to which it leads. In Jules Verne's books the insignificance is apparent from first to last.

Michael Strogoff, the Russian captain, is charged with a mission to one of the grand dukes who is stationed in Eastern Siberia. If he succeeds in bearing the message, the grand duke's forces will be saved from the Tartars; if he faints by the way, they will be overwhelmed. To make this situation both clear and interesting to the spectators, the position of the grand duke must be properly presented to them, not in words, but in action. This was, of course, the use of those tedious old prologues for which playwrights of to-day are busily providing substitutes. This was, of course, the meaning of the sudden openings in the scenery, such as that which revealed the spinning Marguerite to Faust. Any such device would have been out of the question in 'Michael Strogoff.' The courier has to be despatched on an errand which is perfectly indifferent to the spectators. The task of preserving interest in his movements is therefore one of more than ordinary delicacy.

The alternative is so to bewilder the audience with spectacular effects, that they shall care nothing about the piece as a drama. This is the method of the Academy version, which may, therefore, be left out of consideration. The management at Booth's lay great stress on their scenery and costumes, but they strive after as much coherence as is possible under the circumstances. They have also tried to be as accurate as they can. Theatrical license still covers all such productions as this, and if the ballet dancers whirl in pink gauze, and the horses prance with befitting pride, and one gun in six explodes, the public is quite content to admit that it has seen a fine show. The day will come when it will be more hard to please. There will come a demand for absolute exactness. The same sentiment which is now leading people to accuracy in art, will lead them to accuracy in the drama.



If Mr. Wallack furnishes his stage with real bric-à-brac, or Mr. Palmer lines his walls with costly pictures, they are conscious of a nascent taste which will change the character of spectacular pieces. These conventional Russians and Tartars will disappear. The one will be replaced by the boyar in his furs, the moujik in his sheepskin; the other by the nomad in his pointed Astrakhan cap, who scours the plains from the Caspian to the great wall of China. Dancers will caper no more on the quays of Moscow; Asiatic potentates will no longer be so ignorant of the Koran, that the fate allotted to a spy will need to be read to them. But then the arts which M. Dennery has practised since youth will all have been abolished, and a generation will have arisen that will look back on such spectacles as 'Michael Strogoff' with no less wonder than contempt.

The humor of the piece is supplied by the two newspaper correspondents. One of them, an American, represents a journal which he seems to be afraid to name; the other, an Englishman, represents the London *Standard*, which, at the period of this play, would as soon have sent a special correspondent to the moon as to Central Asia. The reticence of the American, doubtless due to a desire to conciliate the press, was a particular kindness to the *Herald*. Shades of the brave men who, to serve their papers, rode over burning steppes and fought with blinding sand-storms! Were those knights of journalism such popinjays as this Mr. Isidore Davidson? Were the Mac Gahans, the Stanleys, the Camerons, the Forbes', such nincompoops as this? Journalists are not thin-skinned. They are as open to caricature as men of any other profession. If the laugh is turned against them, they do not resent it. But if the public is led to suppose that the proprietors of great American papers would select for a difficult job such juvenile, illiterate, and utterly fresh young men as this foolish actor tries to impersonate, then it is perhaps worth just one word of protest. As for Mr. Felix Morris, who plays the English correspondent, he is evidently under the impression that Mr. Jeames de la Pluche, the footman, is still in the employ of the London press, and is still engaged in describing the ways of the nobility, gentry, princes, and "sovarinx" from Belgravia to Bokhara.

But besides the humor and the spectacular effects there are two or three dramatic situations injected into the play. They have often been seen in French melodrama, but as the surroundings are changed they wear an air of novelty. The culmination of Scribe's libretto of 'Le Prophète' is very memorable. The false prophet is confronted with his mother. If he recognizes her he confesses himself an imposter, and he has therefore few scruples in denying her. Michael Strogoff denies his mother for quite another reason. It is not made clear at the beginning why he should so scrupulously conceal his identity, but the motto "Pour Dieu, pour le Czar, et pour la Patrie," is boldly printed on the programme, and the situation is accepted on the strength of it. The Emir of Bokhara orders the courier's eyes to be put out. The iron only scorches his skin. Nevertheless he feigns blindness, hiding the truth even from his mother. Why should he hide it? M. Dennery gives no reason. Jules Verne gives no reason. So Mr. Stetson trips forward with his programme: "Pour Dieu, pour le Czar, et pour la Patrie." Again the public accepts the situation, but more diffidently this time. Indeed, Strogoff has to meet the villain of the play, has to wrestle with him, overthrow him, and afterward stab him to the heart, or else he would barely have won their favor in the end.

The play, then, serves its purpose. It is not high art, but it is a good popular piece. Mr. Bangs plays the hero and Miss Rachel Sanger the heroine. Mr. J. Newton Gotthold is the villain, and a very sombre, scowling, treacherous villain, too.

Mr. Augustin Daly's new comedy, 'Quits: a Game of Tit for Tat,' was produced on Wednesday evening at his own theatre. Colonel Hickory, the hero, is a veritable descendant of Colley Cibber's old beau, and close kin to Charles Mathews' 'Awful Dad.' He retired from the army on marrying a rich widow, but still skirmishes in the dangerous field of flirtation. The chief assistant and confidant of his ex-military manoeuvres is his valet, Buttles. When the colonel wants to go off on a "lark" he pretends to leave town for a day at the races or some other manly sport. But it is Buttles whom he sends to the races to personate his master, telegraph loving dispatches to his wife, and keep him posted on events, while the gay colonel pursues his "hunt" nearer home. This neat little game is unsuspected by the colonel's wife—in fact to all except one person the colonel is a model of men and of husbands. The one exception is Gabrielle Prince, the young widow of an old army friend, who, in their youthful days, was the colonel's companion in his larks. When a proposition is made to him early in the play to receive Gabrielle into his house as the wife of his son, his fears of exposure prompt him to peremptorily refuse his consent. He invents a calumnious story to give color and reason to this denial; and the comedy has to do with a woman's battle to obtain justification from the colonel, to gain his consent to her marriage, and to expose the true character of the out-door sports which he is engaged in pursuing at Mrs. Mestics' Ancillary Exchange, and in which Mrs. M.'s pretty daughter Thisbe is nearly concerned. It

would be folly to attempt to give in minute detail the laughable situations which grow out of this complication. In the end the colonel and Mr. Buttles are properly punished, and the others receive the reward they deserve.

## Music

### "The Mascotte," at the Bijou Theatre.

If what is now being performed at the Bijou Theatre is really Audran's original instrumentation of his very successful opera, it only serves to convince us that he is even less a musician than we supposed he might possibly be. So long as he was only interpreted through a reduced scoring and without the advantage of his own suggestions with regard to time, etc., there was, especially in 'Olivette,' just a remote chance that a fair representation of his work would leave one with some little respect for him, would show some glimmer of good quality or musical intelligence, at least, that would raise him somewhat above the level of the mere tyro with vulgar tastes and still more vulgar aspirations. This is, however, precisely what one finds in M. Audran. He seems to have rummaged the waste-paper basket of Offenbach and Lecocq for such scraps of themes as they threw away as useless, and, having found a few, has not the remotest idea what to do with them. The things he cannot do are precisely those which one expects of every respectable composer who undertakes opera writing; he can neither write an ensemble nor a chorus, nor does he score nearly as well as a dozen orchestra players whom we have in this city. His treatment of the solo voices is mostly absurd; there is rarely a sound vocal phrase to be found in either of his scores. His one valuable quality is that he makes everything so that anybody can sing it; that is, there is nothing that a singer would care to sing, or be able to make anything of, but the things can be sung by any kind of voice, or without voice, and would not suffer much. Almost any tenor or baritone could sing Bettina's music without transposition; a soprano might be substituted for Mr. Hatch, as Frederic, or tenors take the place of the sopranos or basses in the chorus—it would be all right, and sound quite as well as in its present form. The same quality is to be found in his instrumentation; with the exception of an occasional "Frenchy" bit for the oboe or sustained tone for horn or bassoon, there is in it no attempt whatever at characterization or refined treatment. It is on a level with the quality of the music, which is the best that can be said of it. Mr. Jesse Williams proves himself an excellent conductor, holds his orchestra well in hand, and makes it really accompany the stage progress of the play as well as the singers, whom he supports with the nicest discretion. Excepting Mr. Hatch (Frederic) and Mr. Grensfelder (Rocco) they require all the support that can be given them. The fact is, the opera is being given—as is the fashion in New York nowadays—without singers and merely as a vehicle for the display of form, comedians, and dresses. This Mr. Williams has fully appreciated, and having a chorus of bright, pretty girls, and some charming Parisian dresses to work with, he has made of the 'Mascotte' a really attractive spectacle, which is, at best, all that can be done with it. The comedy side of the thing is utterly vulgar and despicable.

### Musical Notes.

If, on the one hand, we are compelled to recognize in the popularity of such stuff as Olivette and the Mascotte sure signs of a decadence in the public taste, and are inclined to feel somewhat discouraged as to the future of comic opera in a country where the most vulgar trashy quality is the greatest success, there is, after all, something to hope for in the repertoire promised for the coming season. If Sullivan's 'Patience,' which is to be given at the Standard toward the close of the month, is anything like as good as the 'Pirates,' it will be a delightful offset to the sort of thing we have been getting from the Paris stage. The printed score looks very encouraging, and, indeed, seems to follow the line of its predecessor in many respects. A better model than his own work Mr. Sullivan could scarcely find. To us, the 'Pirates' is without question the most refined and artistic comic opera of our day.

The Boston Ideal Company, evidently ambitious of something better than a mere catch-penny repertoire, has promised for the coming season Lortzing's 'Czar and Carpenter,' which will have its first performance at the Brooklyn Academy, early next month. A better choice could hardly have been made, for, full as this opera is of lovely music, it has all the elements of great popularity, is immensely funny, and affords an excellent opportunity for effective *mise en scène*, etc. That it has never been successfully performed in this country has been due to the exigency of the cast, which calls for no less than six male soloists who must be singers as well as actors. The Ideal Company, with Messrs. Whitney (who should make a superb Burgomaster), Karl, Fessenden, MacDonald, Barnabee, and Frothingham, is equipped for the 'Czar' as perhaps no English singing company has ever been,

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